

# MICHIGAN FARMER

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### Agricultural.

#### IS THE BOOM OVER?

Upon one or two occasions we have given our readers warning against being led into speculative dealings in the various breeds of live stock that are being imported in such numbers into this country from abroad, many of which are of very doubtful advantage to farmers, and certainly not so well suited to their needs in this and adjoining States, as those which have long been bred in the country, and whose merits are well established. It seems that big prices and speculative sales have about come to an end so far as the Polled-Angus are concerned, and that the "boom" under which large importations have been made has expended its force, and breeders will hereafter have to rely upon merit rather than upon assumed characteristics, for what they get for their stock. The *Bandshires*, (Scotland) *Journal*, in commenting upon the decline of prices in the "Doddies," says:

"Of all the theories advanced for the decline, the one which seems to be the most reasonable is that the market has been overstocked. In America there are a few who know the Doddies thoroughly and love them well, but to the great majority of people in this country they are almost entirely unknown. Millions of people in the United States have never seen a pure-bred polled bullock; hundreds of thousands of our farmers have never read or have they even heard a description of the breed, and therefore know nothing of the merits of the race, and thousands who have seen and admired representatives of the breed are not yet converted to the belief that anything in the shape of a bullock can be quite equal to the lordly and tallowy Shorthorn. With a market so new, speculators have been perhaps a little too hasty, and have consequently made smaller gains than they hoped for, if they have not indeed met heavy losses."

"Those who have bought Aberdeen-Angus cattle in this country have been, as a rule, men of wealth. The average farmer feels that he cannot afford to pay as much for a single beast as a tidy little lot of the same breed, and the number of buyers is therefore small, and their wants are easily supplied by a few cattle. Moreover, the American people are readers of newspapers, and while not influenced more easily by the press than other people, it is but natural that they should give more attention to matters which are the subject of considerable newspaper comment than to those that receive little notice from the press. Some two years ago American live stock agricultural periodicals devoted considerable space to descriptions of the polled breeds of Scotland, and thus drew attention to them. Sales were largely noted before they occurred, and full reports were made after the sale took place. A "boom" took place, and the price of the polled breeds rose rapidly, and should not have been very displeasing to owners of the blacks in Scotland. It is but natural that when the pendulum swings far in one direction it should swing back again in the other."

"In this connection it is safe to add that not until many years shall have passed will the Doddies sell in as large numbers as do the Shorthorns, for the very obvious reasons that there are fewer of them. The latter breed has for many generations been the favorite with numbers of people in this country, and is quite likely to remain so as long as they are, and as Shorthorns rapidly put on large quantities of fat in those parts where it can be felt and seen plainly, they are, naturally enough, favorites with that class of people who like to see a quick return for their investment of time, money, or care."

The same journal reports that at a sale of Aberdeen-Angus cattle July 18 one yearling and one two-year-old bull sold for \$262 50, an average of \$131 25; and the five-year-old cow Jennet 1st of Countesswells 6355, her heifer calf, and the three-year-old cow Lizzie of Crofts 7535 went for 67½ guineas, or about \$354 35, an average of \$177 17. This would be a fair average for ordinary Shorthorns, and shows what a great shrinkage has taken place in values within the past six months.

#### THE PEACH DISEASE.

In the whole history of plagues that have come upon plant life none have been so insidious and destructive as the yellows in the peach tree. It is a disease of American origin and has been known and described for almost one hundred years, yet scarcely more is known of its cause and cure to-day than when it first infested the orchards of the New Jersey fruit growers in 1790. Much speculation has been wasted upon theoretical remedies and specifics, still the hard fact remains that the trees are gradually and surely dying, and that the disease has spread from its first appearance in the vicinity of St. Joseph in 1867-8 to nearly all parts of the State in this short time. It seems to have been more malignant here than in any of the eastern and southern States, as it has wholly ruined the peach interest at the place of its first appearance, where, in 1873, there were 600,000 peach trees by actual enumeration, and to-day there are not 60 bearing trees on the whole ground covered by the former figures. The spread of the disease was more rapid doubtless from the fact that its nature was scarcely known, and the diseased trees were left standing until they were scattering the germs of the disease to all surrounding orchards. The mass of the fruit growers considered the disease of a sporadic nature, one which would gradually disappear or yield to treatment or better culture.

Even eminent men, sent by authority, or in the interest of science, deluded the people by attempting to show that the disease was caused by soil exhaustion, by hard winters, by lack of good cultivation, by a "worm in the root," by dry seasons and hot sun. They attempted to lead apprehension and create a hopeful belief in an early arrest of the disease. The State Pomological Society did every thing in its power to investigate the nature of the disease, and its many practical men early urged the entire destruction of every diseased tree, even in its most incipient stage, but they did not succeed in convincing the many that this was the wisest plan; and selfish men, finding that the prematurely red, diseased fruit would sell in the Chicago market, picked and sold as long as the trees would bear, and thus kept the atmosphere filled with contagion. The efforts of men who desired to keep their orchards healthy by destroying diseased trees, were rendered nugatory and useless by this disregard of everything except present profit. The necessity of a law compelling the destruction of diseased trees was discussed, a bill drawn up embodying the principle of condemning the trees as a nuisance. This law was enacted and has become very efficacious where attempts are made to enforce it; but peach trees are dying and dead still all over the State where no attempts are being made to check the disease under the statute. Thus it becomes only a question of time when every tree will succumb to its fate.

The plan pursued in New Jersey of setting new orchards to take the place of the old when the trees have died of the yellows is not practiced here, as the young trees often become diseased before the fruit crop is obtained, and utterly fail before they bear sufficient to reimburse the planter for his labor and expense. The only remedy in the light of our experience is a total extermination of the trees, either forcibly, or by awaiting the slower process of extinction by the disease.

Occasionally a scientific diagnosis is attempted, and we have fungoid theories and bacteria theories, and soil exhaustive theories, which the investigators invariably desire to take back upon further research, and fail to materialize afterward when called out upon the subject. It would seem that the disease ought to yield to scientific investigation, as nothing is better substantiated than that it is a contagion and spreads not only by proximity and contact, but across miles of country where no peach trees are met in its course. Again, it goes with the wind, and almost invariably begins on the southwest part of the orchard and spreads corner-wise through the plot. The disease spread from St. Joseph much faster east and north than it did south, and now orchards 15 to 25 miles south are as free from the disease as the trees 50 to 75 miles east and north, while the trees within a radius of 25 miles in the direction of the prevailing winds are entirely eradicated by the disease. Again, the proof goes to show that a tree becomes infected in some of its terminal branches, more frequently in one of them only, and that the circulation carries it downward until root and top become wholly diseased, and then the upward flow causes the unnatural growth which marks the second stage of the disease. There are well authenticated instances where a limb that showed a few

prematurely ripened specimens has been cut, and the tree has ripened its remaining fruit, and remained sound for several years afterward. Upon this it is assumed that the perverted tide of sap in its downward flow had not yet reached the point of severance, and the tree thus escaped the contagion. Other similar amputations have failed to arrest the disease, but very likely the limbs were severed too late to save it. When but one wiry shoot appears on an isolated limb it is of no use to cut that branch as the whole tree is diseased; if but one shoot appears others will follow in a few days, and condemn the tree.

The germs of the disease of scarletina and other infectious diseases have yielded to the power of the microscope, and why should not this manifestly similar infection be brought to "a local habitation and name." When once the ravager of our fair fruit is caught and examined, it can be treated understandingly. Whether the recent investigations by Dr. Miles lucidated any new facts remains for his report to disclose. The time spent was too short to go very deep into the matter, and it may be only preliminary to a more searching investigation. The production of this fruit is one of the industries of our State that will be missed, if it must be wholly abandoned, and it deserves to be carefully investigated before it is given up.

#### FASHION IN SHORTHORN BREEDING.

NO. IV.

After the incident narrated in the last paragraph of our last article, Mr. Bates did not lack popularity among the majority of those who bred Shorthorns or admired them as a race of cattle. He had invariably contended that his theory of long ancestral lines through illustrious sires and illustrious dams was well as the correct one, and he had put that theory into practice and scored a signal victory as the result. This theory was not an original one with Mr. Bates, as he often quoted it as the fundamental principle of stock-breeding for improvement, taught him in early life by Mr. Wartell, to whom he paid a visit before he engaged in business for himself. Mr. Wartell was a breeder in the southern part of the County of Northumberland, and Mr. Bates often accredited him the honor of being the first improver of Shorthorn cattle. With Mr. Wartell it has been said that "pedigree was everything." With such teaching and considering the success he had attained it is not strange that Mr. Bates clung to his "pedigree theory" so tenaciously. By his operations Mr. Bates instituted a system of breeding that has been held as an example after which to take pattern or imitate, and has been followed by more of the later breeders of Shorthorns than any other system held up by all the other breeders of the past.

After using the descendants of Belvidere (1706) as long as Mr. Bates considered it prudent, he again sought for something with which to infuse into his herd some fresh blood. Instead of going to other breeders and selecting a bull he used the descendants of a cow purchased by him and known as the "Matchem cow." This cow he bought when four years old at the sale of Mr. Brown, who had bought her granddam at public sale many years before. The catalogue of the Brown sale only stated that the cow was sired by Matchem (2351) and her dam by Young Wynyard (2355). The selecting of the Matchem cow with which to cross upon his Duchesses was not in accordance with his teachings in previous years. The recorded pedigree gives so little of information as regards her ancestors that it seems like taking a great risk; but Mr. Bates had by inquiry ascertained that she was full of the blood of the Princess tribe (to which he had become greatly attached), and he concluded to make the venture and abide by the results. The blood of this cow, however, was not accepted to use upon the Duchesses until after it had been given a fair trial. After breeding her to other bulls and producing five

calves that were considered inferior, he attributed their inferiority to the inferior bulls used by Mr. Bell, his tenant in whose hands she had been placed, he took her in his own hands and bred her to one of his Duchess bulls, and produced the Oxford Premium Cow, so named on account of her having won first prize at the Royal Show at Oxford. After this event Mr. Bates bred the descendants of the Oxford Premium Cow on the Duchess and the Duke bulls (Duchess) up to the time of his death, which occurred in 1846.

Mr. Bates bred other families of Shorthorns, namely the Waterloo, Red Rose, Wild Eyes, Foggarthorpe tribes, from which he sold females, but sold none of the Duchess heifers during his long career as a breeder. But Mr. Bates did not live to see his favorite family of Shorthorns (the Duchesses) reach the popularity they did in after years. Being retained in his own herd entirely, other breeders were not allowed to test their merits, and were loth to take Mr. Bates' word for it when he remarked, as he was accustomed to, that "my Duchesses are the best cattle in the world." After his death the cattle were neglected, and at the sale the following spring, the Duchesses averaged \$581 each. Lord Ducie was the purchaser of the Duchess, and he having died two years after, some of these cattle and their descendants came to the auctioneer's hammer again. They had been in other breeders' hands and their merits began to be known and acknowledged. Notice of the sale attracted a great deal of attention throughout England and reached America. There were buyers present from all parts of the world, where Shorthorns were known and appreciated. Such an array of breeders had not been brought together before since the sale of Charles Colling's herd in 1810. Six animals of the Duchess family were bought by American breeders at an average of \$2,712 each. From the time of Lord Ducie's sale the fame of the Duchess family seemed to be on the increase constantly until the fall of 1873. At the New York Mills' sale the bubble burst on the 8th Duchess of Geneva at \$40,600.

From what we have shown as regards the rise of this Duchess family in the esteem of breeders since the death of Mr. Bates, it is an easy task to point the way that fashion would dictate as the proper course to pursue to gain the ascendancy in Shorthorn breeding. Yes, Bates has been the fashion. The value of Shorthorns has to a great extent been estimated by the exact amount of Duke blood the pedigree would show was flowing in the animal's veins. Much stress has been laid on this point by breeders, and in too many cases animals individually inferior have been retained at the head of good herds, simply because there was a preponderance of what is usually called Bates blood in their veins. We must admit, however, that as a class, Bates bulls have outshined all others, and in the show ring, both in England and in this country, they have won more prizes than any other two or three families combined, and in the main as stock-getters merited the high estimate placed upon them. Taken all together, perhaps the Booths have shown more good cows than Bates and his imitators, and the honors have been pretty equally divided between these two great parties as far as the show ring is concerned, but in the sale ring as regards prices the followers of Bates have reached an altitude not likely to be approached by any others. The sale ring within the last twenty years has often, where the animals to be sold were largely of the Bates' sort, been the point where men of wealth and influence would congregate and display enthusiasm rarely reached anywhere else outside of a great political contest. In fact the party lines have been so plainly drawn, and the traditions have been so cherished, that to reach the majority of Shorthorn admirers one would need to be so situated that he could catch the gale under the banner of Bates. Newspapers and periodicals that have striven to keep pace with the times have employed special correspond-

ents that were versed in Shorthorn parlance, whose duty it has been to attend the noted sales and write out the scenes and incidents that occurred there in a style that would do credit to the event of getting together the great European dynasties and dispersing them in the order of their family relations. The excitement has often arisen to what might be termed white heat, and unsuspecting worshippers of the goddess of fashion have ventured further and further, until they have been compelled to fall ruined victims to her merciless hand.

(To be Continued.)

#### Stock Notes.

THE Texas cattle drive this season is the largest since 1874, and is variously estimated at 350,000 to 500,000 head.

THE average price received by the farmers of Ohio the past season for their wool was 27c. Last season it was 36c@37c. The clip is seven percent less than a year ago.

TWO of the finest Merino rams in Vermont have recently been shipped to South America. One of them, Dictator, was the heaviest shearing ram in the State, his fleece last spring weighing 38 pounds 11 ounces.

THERE will be a large demand for breeding rams in Texas this fall, says the *Texas Stockman*, but the dealers who expect fancy prices will certainly be disappointed. Flock owners cannot afford to pay long prices, and will figure more closely than ever this season.

THE second annual Fat Stock Show at Kansas City will be held at Riverview Park, Oct. 24 to Nov. 1st, both days inclusive, instead of on the days heretofore announced. The change has been made necessary because the day of the Presidential election was one of those selected.

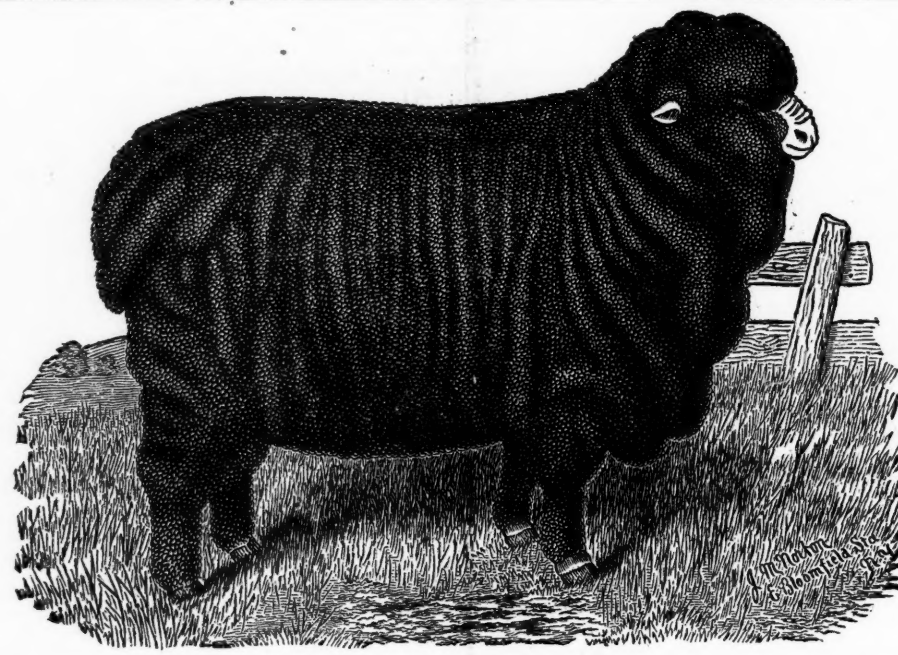
THE Texas Wool Grower says sheep are not the only class of stock that has gone down in value. The same is the case with cattle and horses, which have recently depreciated 25 percent. Stock cattle, as they run, which were worth from \$18 to \$30 last April, or at least were held up to those figures, are now being offered at \$14 to \$15.50. The consequence is great complaint among those who hold this class of stock.

A TEXAS sheep man, and one the *Wool Grower* vouches for as having had considerable experience, opposes the use of any rams but Merinos, unless for pastured sheep and such as are sure of winter feed in liberal quantities. He says the mutton breeds under herd will run to scallawags very fast and lose their best qualities. He endorses the statement that the place of the Merino is on the ranch, and the place of the mutton sheep is on the farm.

THE Kansas City *Indicator* says that as a matter of fact, whether for the best or not, there are but two breeds of hogs that at the present time cut any considerable figure in the pork production of the United States, and these are the Poland-Chinas and Berkshires. So largely do these and their combinations predominate in the receipts at the great stock markets that there are barely enough of the others to suggest the existence of more than those two well known black and white breeds.

THE Duchess heifer purchased by the Mitchell Brothers, of Mt. Clemens, this State, as announced recently, has a fine red roan bull calf. A correspondent in Macomb County asks us how this calf was bred. His sire is Imp. 5th Duke of Tregunter, bred by Col. Gunter, of England, and sold by him for \$10,000. He is a pure Duke. His dam is Aldrie Duchess 11th, bred by Avery & Murphy, of Port Huron, and by 234 Duke of Aldrie (41350) out of Aldrie Duchess 24 by 14th Duke of Thordale (23550). The Mitchell Bros. have the imported 4th Duke of Underley, bred by Earl Beclive of England, and sired by 3d Duke of Underley, which they will hereafter use. He is also a pure Duke.

THE Merino ewe whose representation appears on this page, is owned by C. E. Lockwood, of Washington, Macomb Co., Mich. When a year old she weighed in full fleece 138 pounds. Her fleece was an exceptionally fine one, of good style and quality. She was sired by that grand old sheep Ad. Taylor's Genesee, and her dam was an O. H. & W. O. Bascom ewe, bred in Vermont. She is a straight Atwood in breeding, and a credit to her owner.



Merino Ewe, owned by C. E. Lockwood, Washington, Macomb Co., Mich.

#### PENCIL SKETCHES BY THE WAY:

Genesee County—Some Statistics Regarding It—Some of Its Farms and Flocks.

Genesee was organized as a county in 1833, has an area of 650 square miles, a population of over 40,000, and is purely an agricultural county, producing wheat, oats, corn and any grain grown in the same latitude. Lumbering, once the most prominent industry, has given way to agriculture, although to some extent manufacturing is looked upon as one of the industries. The surface of the county is comparatively level, particularly in the southern part, although in some townships it inclines to be rolling—sandy gravelly soil in some parts; in others, clay loam with clay subsoil. The pine timber having been cut, oak, maple, beech, elm and basswood form the principal timber now. Its only city and numerous villages are thriving and well built towns, its churches and institutions of learning of a high order, its roads good, the general outlook of farm and farm buildings pleasing, and different classes of her citizens intelligent, enterprising and liberal to a fault—at least we found it such during our two weeks' business ramble in it and among them. The first point reached in it was Grand Blanc, at the hour when the sun first gilds the field and wood, and birds sing the sweetest, and your correspondent the most hungry, for we had left the city at 11:45 the night before. However, a short walk brought us to the home of J. H. Thompson, where the Atwoods thrive, and nature's aching void was filled. We were much pleased with the surroundings of his house and farm, and especially with the Percheron stallion, the fine pair of grade three-year-old mares, the Hereford bulls, and regretted that the owner could not spend more time with us—at least time enough to show the sheep. From here we were driven to the home of G. W. Stuart, two miles distant, where a right royal welcome awaited us, and where we stayed long enough to be introduced by George to his friends as his "star boarder" (we did not miss a meal or pay a cent either), and to be driven by him behind a spanking five-year-old chestnut Vermont bred roadster, of better gait, disposition, and more horse sense and intelligence than can be found in any other in the county), for several days in the conserving of your interests. His home is a pleasant one, the family equally so, the farm well located, under good cultivation and productive, the buildings substantial and well cared for. His flock of straight Atwoods were bred by L. P. Clark, of Vermont, than whom none ranked higher, were bred with an eye to a high standard with a rare discernment and steadiness of purpose, which placed him as a breeder, and his flock also, on the highest plane; and sure are we, as we closely examine them and listen to their present owner, and notice his enthusiasm, that this flock will not deteriorate on his hands, and will be a credit to Michigan as a sheep breeding State. The whole flock are in fine condition, as well as the 15 thoroughbred Shorthorns that loom up so grandly in their pasture. Mr. Stuart's reputation as a breeder, and the cattle comprising this herd are so well known that we cannot add to either, therefore will omit individual descriptions of breeding and merit, only adding that he has, through his many sales in this part of the State, added largely to the interest in thoroughbred and registered stock. He has made quite a specialty of Jersey Reds, and met with good results both in sales and quality of flesh. We were quite struck with the appearance of a nine-year-old Hambletonian breeding mare, and her young colt by side, that was sired by Tom Foster's Bagley, by Mambrino Gift. The colt is a beauty, and in its general appearance and breeding has a future of rare promise. The Percheron mares that are so well bred are still on the farm, and have not failed in either work or breeding value.

John A. Perry has a farm of 80 acres that is well improved, a party of good grade cattle, and a bunch of registered Merinos, purchased from Geo. W. Stuart. John Scott owns 300 acres of good land, on a good peach orchard, and a large bunch of grade stock, and like his neighbors, Charles Walton and C. C. Cameron, with their good farms, implements, and stock, ranks among the enterprising farmers in the town.

E. D. Parsons moved upon his 80 acres 17 years ago; it was a wilderness then; now it is a good farm, with stylish house, new barn 40x60 feet, and well stocked with high grade cattle, having used the best bulls in the county, among others those belonging to G. W. Stuart. Has laid the foundation of a herd of thoroughbred Shorthorns, having several of unusual promise, and a small flock of registered sheep of equal value. Let me add here, that on a ride in dry hot dusty days, one thing always noticed is the eagerness with which shade is sought by sheep and cattle, and as the early settlers cleared the country of its grand old forest monarchs, the present generation should plant some trees in each pasture field. We would suggest that where there are none at present, that rapid growers, like the silver maples, chestnuts, or the poplars

would be best; yet, we love the unequalled elm, which is a quick growing shade tree. Farmers, will you profit by these suggestions, and plant some trees, and thus give your stock more comfort and ease?

The two brothers, A. & H. C. Wright, young and enterprising farmers, took up a piece of wild land five years ago, the appearance of which must have been almost disheartening to them, but with a will and purpose well befitting a Michigan farmer, they chopped, logged, burned the timber, fenced the fields, and now have a fair faced looking farm upon which they raise good crops. Not content with this they some time ago purchased some thoroughbred Essex swine, and are now in the field as breeders of them, as their card in the *FARMER* indicates. Some of this breeding stock was purchased from the manager of the State Agricultural Farm at Lansing; but "red tapeism" has delayed the pedigrees. Were we a purchaser of blooded stock from this institution, sacred as it may be, pedigrees would have accompanied the animals and bill of sale, or they would not have been accepted. This is one of the oldest herds of English swine, and they are still popular there, as well as in this country, being regarded in both as a valuable breed when maintained in purity, and as a cross upon inferior ones. In description they are pure black, short dished face, broad between the eyes, ears small and when young standing nearly erect, but drop with age, neck short and thick, shoulders short from neck, but deep from the back, broad, deep and straight bodies of medium length, heavy hams, hair fine and soft, pliable skin, short legs well apart, mature early, are prolific breeders, flesh of fine quality and flavor, good grazers, easily keeping, endure the heat of summer well, usually healthy and free from disease, are quiet and docile, and make the finest family pork. Their herd now numbers about forty, and they should make with their young stock a creditable showing at the Northeastern Fair. They also have a good flock of high grade Merinos, using for stock ram one purchased from Mr. John H. Thompson.

E. H. Stone drifted into the mercantile profession, has been in business in Flint, Holly and Grand Blanc, but two years ago retired at the latter point, and is now what his better nature prompts him to be, a farmer and stock breeder. His farm of 120 acres is only three-fourths of a mile south of Grand Blanc. The location is a good one, the soil of heavy clay, not early in spring for work, but holding out well into the fall with feed, and a certainty of sure returns for seed and labor. Into this, his new profession, he brings all his moral forces, his stamina and business education. He has built a fine residence, none better in town, and intends the coming years to repair the old, and build new barns commensurate with his stock business. At the time of writing this he has a flock of thoroughbred Merinos, of which he may well be proud, the foundation of which was laid in 1881, by purchasing from John H. Thompson ten ewe lambs, straight Atwoods, bred by him and got by Granger 287 N. Y. Register, by Compact 131; dams were bred by Thompson and S. S. Lusk, of Batavia, N. Y., the Thompson ones by L. P. Clark 154, he by Moses. In 1883 he purchased six ewes, three bred by J. H. Thompson and three by S. S. Lusk, of Batavia, got by Rhoderick Dhu 512 and Torrent 97, Bull Dog 115 and Monitor 142. His stock ram is E. H. Stone 401, by L. P. Clark 114, by General 210, dam J. H. T. 25 by Monitor 142, by Bull Dog 104.

In answer to an inquiry we will say: "The owner of the land on which there is a public highway owns the soil on which the highway passes, subject to the right of the public to use it for the purpose of a highway, is entitled to the timber and grass upon its surface. The minerals and confined wealth below it are his, and he can maintain an action in trespass for any wrong or injury done to them, for there is no common right even for pasture in a highway. Parties or owners are under as much obligation to restrain their cattle from destroying the grass, trees or hedges along the highway by an owner's premises as they are to keep them out of corn, grass or grain fields, except so far as the public will permit or deem necessary."

Amos S. Crapser's River Grove stock farm is located two and a half miles north of Grand Blanc village, comprises in extent 240 acres of level land, on which there are four buildings, and was the home of his respected father, one of the "pioneers" for many years and who left a goodly heritage to his family. The Thread River crosses this farm and furnishes plenty of water for the stock in pasture at all times of the year. In stock we hastily notice a pair of Canadian imp. Samson and Clyde seven and eight-year-old mares, weighing 3,200 lbs.; some young colts of fine breeding, style and action, tracing to Royal George and Imp. Messenger; the 17-year-old breeding mare Jennie June by old Ethan Allen, dam by Alexander's Abdallah, stunted this season to Hard-

(Continued on eighth page.)



## Horse Matters.

### Dates of Trotting Meetings in Michigan

Jackson	Aug. 13 to 15
Flint	Aug. 19 to 23
East Saginaw	Aug. 26 to 29
Mt. Pleasant	Sept. 2 to 5

### Good Mares for Breeding.

The importance of selecting good mares from which to breed, has been referred to often in these columns, but deeming it of much greater importance than many of our farmers imagine, we think the matter will bear constant agitation. A correspondent of a foreign exchange gives his views in regard to the selection of brood mares, and for these and suggestions in regard to the same we gladly make room, and would ask a careful perusal from all our patrons who are in any way engaged in horse breeding. He says: They should commence their inspection at the ground, and work upward. This is a good plan, as sometimes a buyer is attracted by a showy-topped animal with a fine symmetrical outline, and is so fascinated that he neglects the more important points—the feet and legs. A brood mare should be young and vigorous; her constitution not impaired by continuous years of excessive toil and hard feeding. Worn-out mares are not suitable to breed from; they should have good, tough, open feet, the pasterns strong, but not too perpendicular. The cannonbone should be short, flat, and broad from the side view, with a flinty appearance. The hocks and knees broad, the latter from the front, and the former from a side view, thighs and arms big and muscular. She should possess a good chest and crest, with a clean-cut head; the eyes lively, indicating docility and pluck; the neck fairly long, and set well into the shoulders, which should not be short-backed (a mare with length and room about her usually breeds the biggest and best foals). The ribs should be well sprung from the back-bone, and deep both before and back, the quarters long and not drooping behind. They should be broad on top, tail well set on, and loins well arched; but above all it is essential she should be sound. No mare should be bred from that is a roarer or broken-winded, or has side or ring bones, bog or bone spavins, weak feet, badly-shaped hocks or calf knees. Another matter which requires attention, is the animal's temper, the offspring often taking the dam's temper. The importance therefore, of selecting a quiet tempered mare of sound constitution for breeding purposes is apparent; and though last, not least, a mare should go straight and square in her action, as it is necessary in all cases, for whatever purpose they are used, that they should have good walking and trotting action. It is next to impossible to get a horse possessing as many good qualities and as few bad ones as one would wish, but it is well to remember that a mare should be free from all hereditary diseases to be suitable for breeding purposes. It would, therefore, be well to have the opinion of a veterinary surgeon as to the perfect soundness of a mare intended for the stud. Of course, it is not intended that breeders should only put to the stud mares up to the standard described—the object is to point out what is desirable in a mare, so that when opportunity to change offers suitable mares should be provided to replace objectionable ones. It often happens that when a farmer has a really good mare for breeding purposes, he is too anxious to part with her if he can make a few pounds, retaining a comparatively worthless one in her stead, which reminds one of killing the goose that laid the golden egg. A great deal has been done towards improving the breeding of other kinds of stock, and with very praiseworthy and satisfactory results. Why not follow in the same track with the horse, which is so valuable to man?

### The Model Farm-Horse.

Ours is an age of intense progress, and that progression is particularly intensified in America. We are a nation of workers. Neither night nor day, neither youth nor old age, neither poverty nor affluence circumscribes our unceasing energy to labor. It has been very well said that very few Americans know how to live, for they have only one portion in life, namely, all work and no play. We are always in a hurry—hurry to eat, in order that we may hurry again to our never finished work. Work robs us of digestion and deprives us of recuperative sleep. The old-fashioned methods of farming were too slow, so that we have called into requisition the combined energies of steam and machinery to hasten the labors of seed time and harvest. When, therefore, intelligent attention is paid to the breeding of the model American farm-horse, two elements will be absolutely prerequisites. We mean speed and power. He must be able to haul enormous burdens, and he must be ambitious to walk off with them at a brisk pace that would astonish the old-time farmers, whose horses imitate, in their movements, the pausing motion of yoked oxen. If the horse is a fast walker he will necessarily prove to be a brisk trotter, that is, he will move with energy and eagerness up to the limit of his trotting speed. In order to possess power, it is unnecessary to encumber him with the unwieldy frame and the tremendous weight of the heavy draft horse. Seventeen or eighteen hands in height, and two thousand pounds in weight, means slow, heavy, elephantine tread, not in harmony with the rush and push of American civilization. All these classes of ponderous horses, like the Norman, the Clydesdale, and the English Draft-horse, that have been so numerously imported to this country, will answer valuable purposes by judicious crossing. They will become necessary factors in the evolution of the American farm horse. They will contribute height and weight, and the inherited ambition to overcome great burdens. But, unassisted by our own strains of blood, they could never produce the model farm-horse. Their weight and slowness of motion

would never bring them into general use for long journeys or transportation, where quick transit is a desideratum.—*National Live-Stock Journal, Chicago.*

### Turf and Track.

BARNES, the noted racer owned by the Dwyer Brothers, has broken down, and will not start again. He was one of the best three-year-olds on the turf last season.

HUNTER, a horse owned by Mr. C. D. Bliss, of Tecumseh, and by Banker Rothschild, has got a record of 2:38 1/4, and has won four out of seven races in which he has trotted.

THE Pittsburgh, Pa., trotting meeting was disgraced by a great deal of crooked work. A veterinary surgeon testifies that the horse Billy was "doped" to prevent his winning the free-for-all racing race.

BELLE F., the mare recently purchased by W. R. Armstrong, of Almont, from A. C. Fiske, of Coldwater, won the 2:30 class at the Cleveland meeting, in three straight heats. Time, 2:31, 2:32 1/4, 2:33 1/4. She is by Master-tide, and out of a mare by Magna Charta.

THE Mason Driving Club, of Mason, Ingham County, will give three days' races on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 30, 31 and 32. They have just completed a first class, new one-half mile track. They offer \$900 in premiums for 3:00, 2:37, 2:50, 2:34, 2:40, and free-for-all trotting classes, and a 3:00 and free-for-all pacing classes and a three-in-five half-mile running class. The Secretary of the Club is Mr. L. C. Webb.

OUR readers should remember the meeting at Flint, which takes place August 19, 20, 21 and 22. The trotting purses will be contested by the 3:00, 2:50, 2:40, 2:34, 2:37, and the free-for-all classes, and for pacers in the 2:30 and 2:21 classes. A stallion race for stallions not having a record better than 2:30, and three running races complete the programme. East Saginaw takes the following week, August 26, 27, 28 and 29th, and entries close on Saturday next. The programme here will consist of 3:00, 2:50, 2:40, 2:34, 2:38, 2:33 and free-for-all classes, trotters; the 2:30 and 2:20 pacers and two running races.

FREDDIE GERHARD is generally believed to be a cross between a dandy and idiot, but it is well to remember that while traveling in the very sharpest company, such as horsemen of the eastern States, he has just been fool enough to beat them. His horse Eole won some fine races last season, on which Freddie pulled in a pot of money. This season Eole was declared rheumatic, and sent down for a course of sea-bathing. He appeared at Moomouth Park the other day, and won a race in the most hollow style, none of the horses opposed to him, and some of them good ones, having the ghost of a chance. It is beginning to dawn upon some of the knowing ones that Freddie is not quite the fool the papers would have them believe.

THE three-year-old colt purchased recently by Mark Hopkins, of St. Clair, for \$2,500, was bred by Mr. Geo. Griffin, who sold him to Mr. Geo. O. Whitcomb, of St. Johns, Clinton Co., when six months old. He was allowed to run until last winter, when he was broken to harness and driven to a enter during the winter. On the second day of May last he was turned out and given a five weeks' run to grass; he was then taken up and driven to a 450 pound wagon, and it was by driving him to this wagon that Mr. Whitcomb discovered he was fast; he was then hitched to a sulky and driven a few times, and the fifth time he was ever hitched to a sulky or on a track he trotted a full mile in 2:43; the first half in 1:23, last in 1:19, last quarter in 38 1/4 seconds, a 2:33 gait, over a slow half-mile track. He was sired by Monarch, Jr., dam by Scott's Hissago.

### Horse Gossip.

MAGGIE F., a mare owned by Mark Hopkins, of St. Clair, and which had a record of 2:26, died recently from an attack of colic.

DR. W. A. GIBSON, of Jackson, has recently sold to Prof. N. W. Lawton a yearling chestnut colt by Tremont, dam by Woodman, for \$250. Also to J. C. Dejo, of same place, a week old colt named Sweepmont, by Tremont, dam by Sweepstakes, for \$200.

EXPERIMENTS have been made by the London Omnibus Company in regard to the uses of bruised oats as compared with feeding them whole. The company owns and uses 6,000 head of horses, the one-half of which were confined to the feed consisting of bruised oats, cut hay and straw, and the other half to whole oats and hay. The ration allowed per day, according to the first system, was 16 pounds of bruised oats, 7 1/2 pounds of cut hay and 6 1/2 pounds of cut straw. According to the old system, 19 pounds of unbruised oats were fed and 13 pounds of uncut hay. The saving thus effected on each horse per day was five cents, or \$300 per day on 6,000 horses, the drivers pronouncing, at the same time, in favor of the horses fed on the smaller ration.

Scrofula diseases manifest themselves in the spring. Hood's Sarsaparilla cleanses the blood, and removes every taint of scrofula.

## The Farm.

### Experiments at the New York Agricultural Experiment Station.

Dr. Sturtevant publishes the following account of experiments made at the station:

"The turnip flea beetle, *Naltica striolata*, attacked our young plants of cabbage, cauliflower, turnip and radish, doing much injury by eating from the leaves. We have made many applications with the view of discovering the most efficient preventive against its injuries. Among these may be mentioned tobacco soap emulsion, soluble phenyl, buchu powder and air-slaked lime. The date of each application and the proportions of each used, were carefully noted, and the plants upon which applications were made were examined daily, and the number of insects found counted and noted in comparison with the number found upon plants which had received no treatment. We will not burden our readers with details but will proceed at once to results.

"A saturated decoction of tobacco water is very efficient in keeping off the insects, when frequently applied, but its strength seems to volatilize quickly in the sun, at least our figures seem to show that little if any benefit comes from application after two days. Our decoction was made by soaking tobacco leaves in cold water for twenty-four hours, when the

water was poured off to be used, and was applied to the plants by means of a garden sprinker.

"We found the kerosene emulsion diluted with eight parts of soft water to be very efficient, but its effects are little if any more lasting than those of the tobacco water, and when frequently applied retarded the growth of the plants. This emulsion is made by combining one gallon of kerosene, one gallon of water and four pounds of common yellow hard soap, heating the mixture, with occasional stirring, until the mass becomes homogeneous, and then continuing the stirring until it becomes cold. This preparation is entirely permanent and may be diluted to any desired extent by the addition of rain water.

"Tobacco leaves cut fine by passing them through a fodder cutter, and placed about the plants of radish, had a very visible effect in keeping off the *Naltica*, the appearance of the leaves showing the beneficial result. It may be noted of the application of tobacco, whether in the form of leaves or decoction, that it stimulated the growth of the plant as well as protected it from the insect.

"Air-slacked lime dusted over the plants while wet with dew is unquestionably beneficial, and in dry weather its effects are quite lasting.

"We tried also kerosene mixed with sand, at the rate of one ounce of the former to one pound of the latter, but the mixture had little influence in protecting from the insect, while it was detrimental to the growth of the plant.

"Buchu powder mixed with alcohol, and this mixture reduced with water was applied, in different degrees of dilution, without marked effect.

"Soluble phenyl proved nearly or quite valueless, for when applied in sufficient concentration against the beetles, it injured or destroyed the plants.

"It is well to note that plants grown in a frame made of twelve-inch boards, were not perceptibly injured by the pea-beetle. This insect, though very agile, rarely jumps high, hence in many cases we may prevent its attacks more easily in advance than we can subvert its injuries after their access to the plants."

### An Ear of Corn.

When the teachers of agriculture were walking through the grounds of the New York Experimental Station, Prof. Lazenby asked for a description of an ideal ear of corn. Professors Roberts and Morrow both named as the first essential quality that it should break off easily or have a small attachment to the stalk. President M'Cann, of the Elmira Farmers' Club, expressed some mild surprise at the emphasis laid on this quality. Dr. Sturtevant showed that where the kernels extend well over the butt the attachment is correspondingly small and easily broken. In breeding Waukegan toward the type desired, he bred the stem nearly off and was compelled to breed away from the type.

Other requisites of a perfect ear were a fairly uniform size from butt to tip, depth of kernel and smoothness of surface. One good ear to the stalk would probably give the highest yield, although Dr. Sturtevant thought that a stalk might take enough nutriment for three good ears, and it was thought that unnecessary foliage on one variety might sustain another ear. Of course, one large ear to the stalk would be preferable to two ears yielding the same weight of grain, on account of the labor saved in husking. As to the best length, number of rows and other points there was a diversity of opinion, but the extreme variability in every respect is such that the breeding of the best for seed is a most promising field.

Practically it should be remembered that what is best for one region may not be best for all. Quickness in maturing is a valuable quality where early frosts threaten, and the amount of nutriment in the stalk should be considered where this makes a large share of winter fodder. It is not too early even now for farmers to begin the selection of seed. Go through the field and mark the vigorous stalks which are making the earliest and strongest sets. Cut away the surrounding stalks and give them a fair chance. As the season advances note the stalks, hills and ears best suited to the conditions of climate, market and general use. Save an abundance of seed, and in next year plant some of it in a plot by itself where it cannot be crossed by the pollen of inferior kinds. Continue this careful breeding and selection until a variety is obtained that suits your special needs. It only needs system and persistence to obtain the ideal ear of corn.

### Average vs. Maximum Dairy Profits.

The following extracts are from a paper read by C. R. Beach, before the Wisconsin Dairymen's Association. A comparison between the average and maximum farm crops would show nearly, or quite, as great disparity:

"A score of cows may be named that have produced over 500 lbs. of butter in a single year; yet a large number, if not a majority, of the cows devoted to butter-making will fall below one fourth of that amount. There are cows that have given from 14,000 to 18,000 lbs. of milk in a single year, and yet I believe that a majority of the cows of this State will not much exceed 8,000. N. S. Wright, of Elgin, Illinois, reports from his herd of 37 grade Holstein cows, he received \$97.74 per head; and yet the average proceeds from the dairies of our State will not much exceed one-third of that amount. A cow has been kept an entire year upon the product of a single acre, and yet, amongst the farmers who make dairying a leading business, from five to eight acres are required. This wide difference may be in part attributed to the fact that dairying, in the modern conception of the term, is comparatively a new business in this State; and very many, and perhaps the majority of those engaged in it, have not yet been able to place themselves in condition and with surroundings to produce the best results; and a part may be attributed to the want of scientific knowledge; but if we are to find full and satisfactory explanation for this wide range of results we must seek other

causes; and, judging by my own experience, I should say that the fault is chiefly in ourselves, and not in our stars, that we are underlings. We don't try; we are constitutionally lazy, intellectually, if not physically. Extraordinary, or even good results, do not come by chance; they do not simply happen. 'Euoratos' did not make \$778 worth of butter in a year because she happened to be Jersey. The cow that gave 18,000 lbs. of milk did not do it because she got to giving milk and couldn't stop. It was not a special dispensation of Providence that Mr. Wright received \$98 per head for the milk of his cows, while his neighbor received but \$30."

### Price vs. Quality.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* tells the following illustrating the difficulty of getting a price for an article commensurate with quality:

"The master of Pomona Grange, in our county, took a load of extra clean wheat to a mill in Akron. While waiting his turn to unload, he saw a load unloaded that had about 10 cents per bushel of foul stuff—mostly cockle—in it; yet the owner got as much into 14 cents per bushel as he did for his prime article. Meeting Mr. Shumacher, the owner of the mill, soon after, he asked him if he thought he could find a market for cockle. It seemed to be perfectly hardy, suffering but little from either insect enemies, drought or water-kill, and he thought seriously of raising it as it seemed to be marketable.

"Mr. Shumacher replied that he knew of no one who wanted cockle; that millers would go to great expense if they could get machinery that would separate it from the wheat, as it made the flour dark colored and inferior, but as yet no machinery had been invented that would entirely separate the two.

"Why, then," said the granger, 'do you put a premium upon the growing of cockle in wheat by paying the careless, slovenly grower as much, or nearly as much, for his mixture as you do me for my wheat?'

"Well," said the mill owner, 'we ought not to, but if we discriminate to any great extent, we make enemies of a portion of the farmers, and therefore we do as we do, thinking it the least of two evils.'

"Grocerymen and merchants do the same way in regard to butter. When Mrs. Cloverblossom brings her golden Jersey product to them, they are all smiles and praises, and pay her—the market price. When Mrs. Waggoner brings her butter, barely fit for lubricating heavy axles, they leave off the smiles and palaver and pay her the same. It is easy to preach excellence, but it is a sad fact that the world pays a premium on mediocrity."

### Winnipeg Wheat for Export.

A correspondent of the *Montreal Gazette*, writing from Winnipeg, July 15th, says: "Mr. Van Horne, in a lengthy interview last week, estimates that there will at least be 7,000,000 bushels of wheat for export if the present prospects of the crop are realized. He figures that the farmer will obtain a dollar a bushel for this wheat. The agents of English firms have bargained to pay \$1.40 for No. 1 hard wheat at Montreal. The C. P. R. rate, via the lakes, including elevator charges, is 27c. It is upon these figures that Mr. Van Horne bases the calculation that the farmer here will obtain a dollar per bushel. It is, however, very doubtful whether more than a fourth of the farmers would be able to secure this price with the present system of branch lines. In the whole Province there is not much more than one hundred and seventy-five miles of branch lines in operation. From some portions of the country, notably the western part of Southern Manitoba, the cost of the settler nearly forty cents a bushel to draw his grain to a good marketing town. However, the dollar a bushel, as presaged, will be eagerly accepted, and, with the fertility of this soil at his command, the average farmer will consider the times most prosperous."

M. PASTEUR, says our Paris correspondent, hesitates to give his experiments respecting inoculation against hydrophobia with virus of rabies itself specially modified, as definite, till a government commission report on same, which it will do in the course of a few months. At present, scientists seem to be concentrating their attention on microbes, bacteria, bacilli and kindred parasites, as the causes of all contagious maladies in the animal kingdom. So far as Pasteur has operated for the *charbon*, that is a success beyond yea or nay; the only point farmers differ about is the duration of the anti-vaccine preventive. The foot and mouth disease is being well studied at the Alfort veterinary college, and M. Bonley may be able in the autumn to make known the result of his inquiries, conducted on the Pasteur lines.

### Agricultural Items.

THE *Western Agriculturist* says: "Aloes in fine powder is sure destruction to lice on animals. Good feed and plenty of it will generally prevent the lice from getting on, but aloes is a safe remedy, dusted on dry in all kinds of weather."

Good seed is a very important item in raising a profitable crop of cane. If we want to secure the best results we must plant seed from one of the very best quality. To do otherwise is certain to result in a decrease in the yield, as well as in the quality of molasses.

All the potato diggers yet invented rely for doing perfect work on having the potatoes planted not very deeply hilled up. This brings the tubers somewhat nearer the surface and greatly lessens the labor of digging. The practice of level culture for potatoes has for this reason made slow progress among farmers. Many who hill up potatoes leave their corn fields as low as possible.

An authority says it is always best to feed a variety of food in the ration of a horse. As a simple food oats are best; but oats and corn are still better, and oats, corn and barley still still. And whatever food, one pint of linseed meal per day to a horse will be found to pay well in health and condition. One of the best combinations as a food for horses is 800 pounds of corn, 800 pounds of oats, and 100 pounds of

flax seed, evenly mixed and all ground together.

PASTURES occupied by sheep, instead of becoming poorer each year, become richer and produce more and better feed. The bushes and briars which so readily spring up in almost every pasture, are eaten off and kept down by the sheep and their place occupied by grass. The weeds and worthless plants will be kept down and exterminated. Sheep eat a much larger number of plants than any other farm animal, eating many that horses and cattle refuse. Hence a few sheep should always be kept in a pasture with cattle or horses to eat those plants which horses and cattle refuse.

The *Rural World* says: "The great loss sustained by keeping cows on poor pasture can scarcely be estimated, especially when they have to drink from stagnant pools. Something can't be got from nothing. The food of support must first be obtained before the cow can give any milk at all, and all the profits consist in the quantity of food she eats over and above that required for maintenance. If she has to wander over a large range of pasture, especially in the hot sun and when the flies are troublesome, the food consumed in producing this mechanical work would otherwise have been used in the production of butter. Hence the necessity for rich pastures and plenty of shade trees. Always remember that under a proper system of feeding, the more an animal eats, the greater will be the profit."

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## Poetry.

## THE BALLAD OF THE BABY.

Bald of head and red in the face,  
I'm only a baby, weak and small;  
A bundle of flannel and bib and lace;  
But don't I beg, into error fall,  
For there's not a thing on this earthly ball,  
Or big or little, or old or new,  
That holds the world in complete thrall;  
Come, list to the deeds that I can do.

I can shriek a shriek to rend all space,  
Can choke myself with my brodered shawl;  
Can send my nurse on a frantic chase  
For pins that never were there at all.  
I can make my ps, ps, ps, ps, ps, ps,  
Say carols words, just one or two,  
As he walks the floor to hush my snail;  
Come, list to the deeds that I can do.

I can coo and coo with tender grace,  
And bring my subjects to bed and call;  
With cunning smile and a soft embrace,  
While into mischief I straightway crawl;  
My mamma's anger I can forestall,  
I can putty-cake and can peek-a-boo,  
I can charm, enslave, delude, appeal;  
Come, list to the deeds that I can do.

ENVOY.

With my tiny hands I can build life's wall  
As true and strong as the skies are blue;  
I am the monarch of hut and hall;  
Come, list to the deeds that I can do.

Charlotte Perry.

## SUMMER.

A drift of sweets, a flash of roses,  
Moonlight over all this desecrated  
Summer the sweet is here.  
Summer the fair, with golden hair,  
With lilacs broken upon the air,  
Summer the queen of the year.

A mossy sweep, with clover growing,  
And languid sounds of waters flowing,  
Summer the sweet is here.  
Summer that holdeth tenderness best,  
And care for young birds in the nest,  
Summer the queen of the year.

There comes a hum from the dreamy clover,  
Seeds drop down from birds that float over,  
Summer the sweet is here.  
She taketh all motherless things in her arms,  
And foldeth them out from chill alarms,  
Summer the queen of the year.

Send down thy measure of sweetness  
Upon us, in its fullest completeness,  
Summer the queen of the year.  
Let us chant to the pulse of the sea,  
With song down dropping and hum of bee,  
Summer the sweet is here!

—Jennie Maczicki Paine.

## Miscellaneous.

## MIRIAM DOUGLAS.

"I'm sorry to interrupt you, sir; but the lock on your satchel is broken, making the things unsafe, besides being a very shabby old bag, sir, begging your pardon." So quoth Eliza, the relic of Josiah Nims, the sexton, to her lodger, the Reverend Julius Byron.

"What a bore," exclaimed this gentleman, "when I really haven't the time to attend to anything except these letters."

"I have an errand which takes me past Piper and Tipson's; I could buy you a new satchel, if you would trust me. Going among all those fine people at the wedding with your lock tied up with a bit of string wouldn't do at all, sir."

"Thank you, Mrs. Nims; I have great trust in your judgment, and should be obliged if you would attend to this matter for me, and save my going into town."

As the door closed after his landlady, the Reverend Julius Byron resumed his writing, with a sigh of relief. As he sat leaning his head on his disengaged hand—a hand beautiful enough to atone for plainness in all other features had nature willed him to be plain—Julius Byron was an ideal picture of a student—brown eyes, with a far away, dreamy look, hair long enough to show a tendency to wave loosely back from the forehead, and a pale, clear complexion, set off by a golden brown velvet coat, which he wore when in his study. Twenty-nine years old, undeniably handsome, gifted with winning manners, and shepherd of a flock most willing to be guided, Julius Byron, as if by a miracle, had escaped being spoiled and pitched into effeminacy. His safe-guard lay, perhaps, in a pair of soft eyes which held him spellbound for a few rapturous weeks, and the witchery of which had lasted over three years of almost total separation.

Miriam Douglas, dispensing tea and gingerbread to a horde of charity-children in the park at Mount Edgecombe, was one of the prettiest and daintiest of modern Hebes, in a muslin dress in color matching forget-me-nots and her eyes equally well, and with roses at her waist and throat which stole their delicate tint from her cheeks. Miriam was seventeen that day, and the blue muslin was her first long dress; to this the little lassie paid far more attention than to the admiring gaze of two dreamy brown eyes. After the feast, there were offerings of flowers, good wishes and rather too many kisses and embraces from the charity-children, and among her other trophies, Miriam Douglas carried away the heart of the Reverend Julius Byron. Had she known this, it would have affected her less than the consciousness that the Barclay girls her former playmates, were curiously admiring the grown-up womanish arrangement of her bright silky hair.

There were a few tennis parties and five o'clock teas after this, during which Mr. Byron worshipped his divinity from afar. She seemed a little in awe of him, and rarely spoke to him more than five minutes at a time. What a delightful task it would be to chase away the timidity from the soft, fawn-like eyes, and how pleasant to think that the sea-shell pink stole to her cheeks from joy at his approach.

Fate, however, cruelly interfered with Mr. Byron's dream of awakening loving confidence in the bosom of this bashful maiden of seventeen. In three short weeks, before he had made any perceptible headway, Miriam was summoned to the bedside of a dying relative, and Julius Byron was called to a parish in a commercial town.

Three long years this idyl had been in the past; and through all this time the memory of Miriam Douglas excluded any other love from the young clergyman's

heart, though many were the goddesses willing to be therein enshrined.

He wondered at himself; she had slipped completely out of his material existence; he knew not where she was, or if she were dead, or worse—married. Still, with all this uncertainty, he could not forget her, and a voice within him seemed to whisper that they should meet again.

The rapid skimming of his pen over the white page was stayed for the second time by a heavy footstep at the door outside; and Mrs. Nims, panting and crimson from the ascent of the steep stairs, exclaimed—

"There, sir—you could not have found a better or cheaper satchel yourself, if you had searched the town from end to end. Piper and Tipson say on their oath that it is a first-rate one, and that you needn't fear exchanging with any one by mistake, for they had only one of the kind. This decided me to take it, for, being rather an absent-minded gentleman, you might easily pick up the wrong bag."

"Thank you, Mrs. Nims, thank you; each time that you do anything for me you give me fresh cause to admire your clever management and forethought."

In the wedding to take place on the following day, Mr. Byron felt no particular interest. The contracting parties were almost strangers to him, as were also the guests, with the exception of Willis Howard, a school-chum of days gone by, and a friend ever since of the young clergyman.

Owing to the illness of the bride's mother, the ceremony was performed at home. It was a pretty wedding, the bride graceful, sweet and pale as a lily in her sheeny fleecy drapery; and among the guests was the subdued merriment which prevails when the entertainers exhibit unreservedly the signs of joy and sorrow—the smile and tear both coming from the heart.

After the ceremony, Mr. Byron betook himself to a dressing room to fold his surplus and replace it in the satchel chosen by Mrs. Nims. While so engaged a letter was handed to him with the word "Immediate" written conspicuously on the envelope. The contents were as follows:

MARLOW HALL, Thursday, 18th.  
If the Reverend Julius Byron could find it convenient to officiate at a private baptism this afternoon at Marlow Hall, he would confer a great favor on the undersigned. Mr. Byron is requested to pardon the apparent brusque of this notice, as the case is urgent. The two P. M. train starts at Portland station, where a carriage will be in waiting.

STANFIELD MARLOW.

"You will go, I suppose," said Willis Howard, to whom Mr. Byron presently showed his note.

"Of course; one cannot refuse such a summons. It is probably a question of life or death."

"I am due at Uxmore to-night—rather a different errand from yours—a masquerade party. I'm sorry we are not traveling in the same direction."

"I am sorry also. Do you know anything of the people at Marlow Hall, Howard?"

"Never heard of them before. Are they strangers to you?"

"Entirely so."

"Now good-bye, old fellow; my traps are all stowed away on the train and I had better follow them. Take care of yourself among those mysterious strangers."

In the bustle and confusion at the station Mr. Byron's satchel was mislaid, but he presently caught sight of the familiar object on a distant table, and felt inwardly thankful for its ungainly proportions and the huge brass diamond which made it so easily recognized.

At Portland a respectably dressed man in charge of a wagonette came forward to meet Mr. Byron; and during the drive to the Hall the former discoursed freely upon the existing state of affairs there. A son and heir to the fine estate had arrived, and there had been great rejoicing; but within the past twenty-four hours their joy had been turned to mourning by a despatch summoning the newly-made father to the death-bed of his only sister in Germany. The young mother seemed to feel a presentiment of misfortune, and she had insisted upon the baby's being baptised before the departure of its father. The clergyman of the parish was temporarily absent; hence Mr. Byron's hasty summons. The ceremony would be performed in the chapel connected with the Hall, being witnessed only by the father and grandfather of the child, with possibly one or two guests.

After lunching in a sombre, richly decorated dining-hall, Mr. Byron was shown to a bedroom, with the intimation that his services in the chapel would be required in an hour, if convenient to him.

There was something strange and interesting about the fine old mansion, so late a scene of rejoicing, and now silent as an empty church. No members of the family were visible, and the great house seemed deserted, save for a few silent-footed servants.

As the time for the baptism drew near, Mr. Byron asked to be conducted to the vestry-room. To make sure that everything was in readiness, he opened his satchel, when, to his consternation, instead of drawing forth a neatly-folded surplice, he held up before his astonished gaze a doublet and hose of scarlet and gray satin, such as might be seen on the stage in *As You Like It*.

Alas for the veracity of Messrs. Piper and Tipson and the credulity of the worthy Mrs. Nims! The so-called unique bag had many duplicates, and now Mr. Willis Howard had bought one that very morning in which to stow away his fancy ball costume.

Here was a predicament indeed for the Reverend Julius Byron! In desperation he flew to the wardrobe in the vestry-room. Vain hope! Not a shred of the other clergyman's vestments hung there.

What was to be done? Even if in extreme cases the Church rules permitted the clergy to officiate without robes in the sacred edifice—and for the moment Mr. Byron was too bewildered to think whether this would be permissible or not—how could he explain the annoying mistake to these strangers? They, already so troubled, would think him an untrustworthy, careless trifler.

In his perplexity he rang for the man who had already waited on him.

"Is there a lady in the house with whom

I could speak for a few moments?" Mr. Byron asked.

"My mistress's cousin is here; but she does not leave the invalid's rooms for anything just at present."

"Then I will write my message in a note."

He stated the case as clearly as he could on paper, and despatched the servant with it. In answer the lady sent her maid to inquire if search had been made everywhere in the vestry-room for a surplice. He sent back that further search was useless.

After some moments of—to him—terrible suspense—for the time was almost gone for him to appear in the chapel—the maid returned, and, with deep blushes and a nervous twitching of her apron-hem, began—

"My young lady told me to tell you, sir, that, if you would not think it any harm, she would send you her—Oh, no, I don't mean that, sir! She said she was not to say what it belonged to, but she would cut the hands off the sleeves and the lace from the neck, and it would be long, and nobody would notice that it was a night-gown, sir; and, if you don't mind, sir, I would go and fetch it at once, for there is no time to lose."

The girl's concluding words were only too true; and, however much he might have hesitated at her suggestion in cooler moments, he was thankful now for any solution of the difficulty.

"Tell your mistress that I shall be very grateful for the loan she proposes, if she thinks the deception will not be discovered."

The servant vanished, and was soon on the spot again with a snowy linen night-gown. The neck at the back had been torn down to admit broader shoulders, and a linen handkerchief had been hastily stitched in to hide the rent. Most of the ornamentation had been cut away; but enough remained to prove that the garment belonged to a lady of very dainty tastes.

Thankful for this semblance of a surplice, and too hurried to feel amusement, Mr. Byron arrayed himself, entered the chapel, and the service began at once. He observed with a sigh of thankfulness that the chapel was very dark, and this enabled him to read without much nervousness. Two gentlemen came forward with the baby and its nurse, and for a brief time during the service the young clergyman saw indistinctly the slender figure of a lady standing in the dimly-lighted aisle.

"No. Aunt Louise had one, you know, ever since I can remember. But I think if we had a pretty parlor to rest in in the evening, I could play for you and sing. You never heard me play or sing, John?"

"I have heard you sing, but not lately," said John, rather gloomily.

"Oh! that was just humming around the house. I mean real singing. I have lots of music in my trunk."

"But you are only a farmer's wife, now, Lina. I thought you understood when we were married that you were not to have city finery and pleasures."

"So I did, John. I don't want finery. I don't want any pleasure but your love, John. Don't scowl up your face so. I am silly to think of these at all. There, kiss me and forget it. I am nicely rested now, and I'll get your tea in ten minutes."

John put her down with a very tender kiss, and straightway fell into a reverie. Lina Rivers had been a district school teacher in Scotland just four months, when John Reynolds offered her his hand and heart. She was an orphan from infancy, but her father's sister had adopted and educated her in a life of luxury, and died without altering a will made years before, leaving her entire fortune to a charity asylum. Lina, left alone, had thankfully accepted the position of country school teacher procured for her by some friends, and was thinking like a hard burden, when John came to brighten it. She gave her whole gentle heart into his keeping at once, appreciating at their full value his honest, true heart, his frank nature, his sterling good qualities, and looking with the most profound admiration upon his tall, strong frame and handsome face.

It was a perfect love match, for John fairly worshipped the dainty, refined little beauty he had married. And, having married her, he took her to his home and, in all ignorance, proceeded to kill her.

There was no blame to be laid upon him. Living in the old farm house where he had spent his entire life, the one ambition of his heart was to own land, stock, and a model farm. He had seen his mother cook, churn, feed poultry, and drudge all her life; and all the women he knew did the same, and if Lina made odd mistakes she put a willing heart into her work and soon conquered its difficulties. Surely, he thought, it was an easier life to be mistress of his home with the Stanley farm in prospect, than to toil over stupid children in a district school. He had never seen velvet carpets and lace curtains, grand pianos, dainty silks, and other surroundings that were Lina's from babyhood. He had never heard the wonderful music the little white hands, all rough and scarred now, could draw from the ivory keys of an organ or piano, or the clear, pure voice in song. It was an unknown world to John where his wife's memory lingered as she scoured tins, strained milk and cooked huge dishes of food for the farm hands. He would have thought it wicked waste, if not positive insanity, to draw from the bank his hard earned savings to invest them in beautifying his plain, comfortable home.

And Lina lashed her conscience sharply, telling herself she was ungrateful, repining and wicked. Was not her John tender, true and loving? Where among her city friends was there a heart like this? Had she not known he was only a farmer?

And so the loving little woman toiled and slaved, undertook tasks far beyond her strength, worked early and late, until just one year after his wedding day, John Reynolds, coming home to his tea, found lying upon the kitchen floor a little senseless figure with a face like death, and hands that sent a chill to his very heart.

The doctor, hastily summoned, looked grave, and advised perfect quiet and rest. A girl was hired and John tenderly nursed the invalid, but though she grew better she was still pale and weak.

"What is the matter, little woman?" "Only tired, John."

Lina Reynolds looked up as she spoke, to smile bravely into the face bending anxiously over her.

"Tired, Lina?" he said, lifting the little figure as he spoke and taking his wife like a child upon his knee. "What have you been doing to tire you?"

"Only the day's work. Don't worry, John, for a shade passed over the kindly face."

"I don't worry; but I can't see what makes you complain so often of being tired. I am sure the housework ain't so much. Other women do it!"

There was just a little fretfulness in John's tone, though he did not mean to be unkind.

"I know they do. Mrs. Harper has four children and takes care of them in addition to housework, besides doing piles of sewing. Perhaps, John, it is because I have not had experience in country work and don't manage well. I will learn better after awhile. Now, tell me what you did in town."

"I did quite well. Sold the whole crop of wheat at a good price, and put another installment in the bank for the Stanley farm."

"Your heart is set on that farm, John."

"Indeed it is! Let me once own that clear of debt, and I shall be a happy man. It is the best land in the country, and the house is twice as large as this!"

## JOHN REYNOLDS' LESSON.

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Lina thought of larger floors to scrub, more rooms to clean, and additional work of all kinds, and swallowed a little sigh that nearly escaped her.

"John," she said, rather timidly, "don't you think if you spend part of the money on this house we might be very happy here?"

"Spend money on this house?" cried the astonished John. "Why, what on earth all this house?"

"I mean in things for it. Now, the parlor looks so stiff, and is always shut up. I was thinking if we had a pretty carpet and some curtains of white muslin or lace, and a set of nice furniture, and—a piano, oh, John, if I could have a piano!"

John Reynolds looked at his wife as if she had proposed to him to buy up the crown jewels of Russia.

"A piano! Do you know what a piano costs?"

"No. Aunt Louise had one, you know, ever since I can remember. But I think if we had a pretty parlor to rest in in the evening, I could play for you and sing. You never heard me play or sing, John?"

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"I have heard you sing, but not lately," said John, rather gloomily.

"Oh! that was just humming around the house. I mean real singing. I have lots of music in my trunk."

"Take her away awhile," said the doctor. "Try change of air. She is overworked."

"But," said honest, puzzled John, "she does nothing but the housework for us two. She has no child, and our sewing is not much."

The doctor looked into the troubled face. "You are a good man, John Reynolds, and a strong one," he said. "Will you let me tell you a few truths?"

"Yes. About Lina?"

"About Lina. You remember, do you not, the tiny antelope you admired so much in the menagerie we had here last summer?"

"Certainly," said John, looking more puzzled than ever.

"Suppose you had bought that little creature and yoked it with one of your oxen to a cart to do the same work?"

"I've been a fool," said John; "that little thing couldn't work. It was just made pretty to look at and to play."

"That's it, John. Now I don't think God ever made a woman to look pretty and play, but he made some for the rough work of this world and some for the dainty places, some to cook and scrub, and some to draw men's souls to heaven by gentle loveliness. Your wife is one of the latter. If you were a poor man I would have held my tongue, but you are a rich one. Give your wife a servant; let her have books, music, pretty things around her. Let her rest from toil, and you may keep her by your side. Put her back in her old place and you may order her tombstone, for she will soon need it. Don't put your antelope beside your oxen, John."

"I will not! Thank you! I understand. Poor, loving, patient heart!"

"That's right! Take her now for a little pleasure trip, and get back her roses."

Lina clasped her hands when John asked her if she would like to spend a week at New York, and really seemed to draw in new life from the very idea.

It was delicious fun to see John's wide open eyes as they entered the parlor of the great city hotel, and were shown into the bed-room, whose beauties were quite as bewildering.

"The best room," he had told the landlord, and Lina could not depress a cry of delight at the vista of the cosy sitting room, with a piano standing invitingly open.

"O, John," she said, "won't you go in there and shut the door for five minutes, please?"

John obeyed, of course. John, she thought, gratefully, refused her nothing now.

"How lucky I brought some of my old dresses," Lina thought. "I have not worn them since I was a school marm. Fancy Mrs. Reynolds scrubbing the floor in this dress!"

John rubbed his eyes and pinched himself as a little figure sailed into the sitting room, made him a sweeping courtesy and went to the piano.

Was that the little woman who had worn prints and sunbonnets so long? The fair hair was fashionably dressed, and bands of blue velvet looped the golden curls. A dress of blue silk, with the softest lace trimmings, and ornaments of pearl, had certainly made a fine lady of Lina. The piano was yielding its most bewitching tones to the skilled little fingers, and John's bewilderment was complete when a voice of exquisite sweetness, though not powerful, began to sing.

Only one song, full of trills and quavers, and then Lina rushed from the piano into John's arms.

"John



## EDUCATIONAL COURSHIP.

She was a Boston maiden, and she'd scarcely passed eighteen, and as lovely as an hour, but of grave and sober mien:

A sweet encyclopedia of every kind of lore, though love looked coolly from behind the glasses that she wore.

She sat beside her lover, with her elbow on his knee, and gazed upon the slumbering summer sea, until he broke the silence, saying, "Pray, Minerva, dear."

"The meaning of the thingness of the Here."

"I know you're just from Concord, where the lights of wisdom be, your head crammed full of bursting love, with their philosophy—"

"The heavy-headed sages and maids of heathen blue then solve me the conundrum, love, that I have put to you."

"The thing of a dreamy smile and said: 'The thingness of the Here is that which is not passed and hasn't yet arrived my dear.'"

"The thing of the Here is just the thingness of the Now."

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"Hump 'er long, an' in a hurry," he growled savagely, as he noted one solitary exception to the unanimity of the acceptances, "or by the crook of my elbow I'll hurt yer: hurt yer bad."

The single exception, however, quietly retained his seat, and neither by gesture nor speech did he show the slightest consciousness of the presence and the language of the most famous and infamous, desperate and dreading devil that had ever frightened a Western Sheriff into temporary civility.

Great was our Terror's amazement and greater his wrath when he became convinced that it was actually the intention of the rash stranger to ignore him and his mandatory invitation. With huge, self-acting revolver in hand, he started toward him. As he approached nearer the silent unknown uncoiled his long legs, and extended himself gradually upward, until at last he presented to our astonished vision the towering form of the tallest and thinnest mortal we had ever seen.

When within three or four feet the Terror paused and said: "I give you to understand I'm Blood' Bill, the terror of Sherriffs all the pattern saint of undertakers. Dyer hear me?"

"O yes, I'm not deaf," was the reply in a cool, steady voice.

"An' I'm the favor of hell an' the rival of deth an' docktors," continued the desperado.

"First-rate record, that," was the reply.

"I'm a jumping jumbo—I'm the very fether that broke the camel's back—I'm a Texas steer stamped—'I'm a Curnel straight from Arkansas—an'—yer! look out, fur I'm g'n' ter shoot!" Simultaneously with the elevation of the revolver the stranger's foot flew forward and upward, the ball meant for his heart went crashing harmlessly through the roof—and then, with a rapidity of movement that gave to his russet brogan the appearance of a chunk of lightning in a mighty hurry, he kicked Bloody Bill under the chin, behind the ear, in the stomach, in the back, on the chin, with first one foot and then the other, and so effectually, too, that the astonished and thoroughly shocked man-eater found it impossible to use a single one of the half dozen weapons attached to his belt.

But the terror was really brave, and he struggled pluckily to uphold and preserve the sanguinary reputation so dear and profitable to him, until his slim and supple antagonist finally terminated the fight by a double footed kick that stretched Bloody Bill prone and breathless upon the floor.

When restored to consciousness he approached the great unknown and said: "Fur de las—but, fust, what shall I call yer? General? Dook—President?"

"Plain mister," said the other.

"What! Yer a plain mister?" exclaimed the Terror, incredulously.

"Jussos."

"All right, all right, sense you say so; by thunder! yer deserve promoshun. Now, mister, for sum years I've tho't I was a whole menagry in myself—lion, elephant, wulf, an' all that—but I'll be darned if I don't look ferdlay like I'd been runnin' a two-bit side-show all er along. Ef agreeable, sir, I'd like to larn who an' what yer air."

"I," replied the stranger, in a deep, grave voice, "am the Great American Mule."

"God be thanked," gasped the trembling Terror, "that you didn't have on yer iron shoes."—*Houston (Tex.) Post.*

**Knees and Elbows.**

We had been speaking of the lack of accurate observation among people, the professor and I, and I had expressed surprise that so few persons are able to tell how many toes a common house cat has on each foot, some guessing five and others four, and neither being correct, when the professor suddenly asked me the following question:

"How is it that the fore-knees of a horse bend forward just as ours do, while his hind knees bend backward, just as ours do?"

I surmised from an odd gleam of my friend's eye, that his question was in some sort crooked; but as I could not think precisely how it ought to be amended, and as I had not thought of the subject before, I answered simply that I did not know.

"Let us go out then," said he, "and look at Dobbin." So we went out.

"In the first place," remarked the professor, "we will examine his hind leg (whoa, Dobbin! if you please), and, sliding his hand downward gently, he picked up Dobbin's foot, very much after the manner of a blacksmith.

"This joint," he continued, "that you see bending backward, near the middle of leg, is not a knee at all—knees do not bend backward—it is called the 'hock' or 'hough,' and corresponds to our ankle. Stand on your toes, and your ankle will work precisely like it."

"Where is his knee then?" said I, drawing nearer.

"Here it is," said he pointing high up near Dobbin's body. "Don't you see it bending forward like every other knee? It is commonly called the 'stifle.'"

"But," urged I, "you began by asking about the fore-knees. Now they surely bend forward just like ours. I should think your question ought to have been directed to hind-knees."

The gray eyes twinkled again with the same curious smile, as the professor requested me kindly to place my hand on one of Dobbin's fore-knees.

This I did, as I supposed, when I was again taken aback by being asked, what joint of my own body corresponded with the joint under his hand.

I started to say "knees of course," but reflecting that my fore legs were arms, I thought I saw the point, and confidentially answered, "elbow."

"But your elbow," observed my friend, "bends just the other way."

"The fact is," he added, "that what your hand is on, is neither a knee nor an elbow, but a wrist. The elbow is up here near his body, and bends backward just as yours will if you get down on all fours."

I at once assumed a horizontal attitude, for I was not to be convinced without experiment that my elbows would bend that way. But they did. "And now,"

said the professor, wickedly, as I arose and brushed sundry bits of twigs from my hands, "have you observed that the elephant differs from the horse in—?"

I interrupted him with a laugh, in self-defence, declaring that it was enough for once to have learned that a horse always walks on tip-toe, that his hind knees are his ankles, and that his fore-knees are not knees, nor even elbows, but wrists."

"And yet," said the professor, "the horse is a larger animal than the cat."—*S. H. Ballard, in Good Cheer.*

**Fishing in England.**

That voracious chronicler, Eli Perkins, says: I found that over west of Warwick Castle one of the farmers who rented several hundred acres along the Avon River, kept a little hotel. He permitted his guests to fish in the river, a brook shallow enough to be forded where it runs swiftly. I noticed that the fishermen all went out with a tremendous assortment of patent hooks and fancy flies.

Man had many as fifty specimens of hooks and flies. Like all the rest he came back without any fish. I never took much stock in fancy flies. I have always had better luck with plain grasshoppers or angleworms. So, getting permission from the landlord, I took a pole and went down to the river. Baiting my hook with a good old fat American angleworm I threw it in. In a moment I had a bite, and out came a beautiful grayling. In went another angleworm, and out came another fish. I was having fine sport when down came the landlord all out of breath.

"W—w—what have you got on your hook?" he gasped.

"Angleworms, you fool, plain angleworms," I said, hauling out another grayling.

"Don't you know that's agin the law?" "What?" I asked. "What's agin the law?"

"Why fishing with angleworms. The patent fly is the only thing allowed in England."

The man was right. No one is allowed to fish in English rivers with angleworms or bugs. Only the patent fly is allowed, and as the fish are all used to the artificial fly only they don't bite, and it is seldom that any are caught. If angleworms were permitted every body would be out fishing, and the streams would be fished dry. As it is the patent artificial fly is so expensive that only the rich are able to fish.

If the landlord hadn't kept my fishing a secret these three angleworms would have cost me a fine of £30 or about thirty-three dollars and thirty-three cents a worm.

**The Way They Do It in Maine.**

Squire Borge of Bangor is wealthy and wishes his friends to understand that he is a wonderful sportsman. Last winter he started up country on a fishing trip, where he met with poor success. The first thing he did on returning to the city was to go to a market and buy fifteen trout. They were beautiful, and he told the salesman what he was going to do and asked him where he should say they were caught.

"O, tell them they were taken from Linus Pond."

On his way home the Squire called and had the largest one photographed. Underneath the picture he wrote:

"One of the fifteen taken from Linus Pond, Jan. 8, 1884, by Timothy Borge, Esq."

In two days he came back to the marketman, and said:

"Lookee here, where is Linus Pond, anyhow? They asked me where it was, and I told them it was up in the north part of Hancock County. Then they get a map and wanted me to show it to them, and for the life of me I couldn't find it. Just tell me where it is, and I'll go home and fix them. Confound their hearts, I'll tell 'em where Linus Pond is, and give them enough of it."

Then the marketman led him gently outside the shop, and pointed to his sign. It read: "Linus Pond. Fish, oysters, and game."—*Boston Globe.*

**VARIETIES.**

**WHY SHE ACCEPTED A REPORTER.**—Two fashionably-dressed ladies were sitting in front of their cottage at Mount Desert one evening last week, talking over the late arrivals and laying their plans for the summer campaign.

"How is this, Edith, I hear you have broken your engagement with young Coupons?" said the elder.

"Yes, mother, I judge it best to tell you I have."

"In favor of whom, pray? He is good for \$10,000 a year, and will come in for a large estate when his father dies. What young millionaire have you now centered your affections upon?"

"He is not a millionaire at all, mother; I am engaged to Charles Randall."

"Who is he? How much is he worth?"

"He is a reporter on the New York Constellation, and has just money enough to take him through the fortnight's vacation."

"My child, why will you throw yourself away? You will reduce me to beggary."

"Wait, mother; please wait until I tell you. In the first place he is acquainted with everybody, and then he gets free passes to all the shows and theatres, he attends all the big receptions, and—"

"Are you crazy child! Those things will all come with money and position."

"Hold on until I have told you. He knows all about the latest scandals in high life—the papers won't print, you know—and he told me some horrible scrapes the Blanks got into when they were in Europe last season, and said he had in his possession the secrets of all the big people of the country."

"Bring him to me at once. I approve of your choice, Edith. Why did you not tell me of this before?"

**WHERE THEY HAVE GENEROUS NEIGHBORS.**—Col. Hunt lives in "Old Virginia," and has a winter residence in Washington. At the last election he went down to his country place to vote, and on arriving at the polls, well along in the afternoon, was surprised and angered to find his name checked.

"How's this?" he asked. "I have just taken pains to come clear down here from Washington to cast my ballot for a man I believe in, and you tell me I can't vote."

"My dear man," replied the master of the polls, "you voted and your name was checked off about ten o'clock. How many times do you want to repeat?"

Then the Colonel was just a little mad and foamed and swore at a great rate. In the

midst of his anger an old friend came up and said: "Great Scott, Colonel, why didn't you tell me you were coming? You have put me in an awkward position."

"How's that?"

"Why, I thought you weren't coming, and so I voted for you this forenoon."—*Boston Globe.*

**A RAILROAD JOKE.**—Western Railroad President—"I tell you, it is ruinous. I can't reduce fares between those points from \$14.50 to \$5. You must be crazy."

Superintendent—"It must be done, sir, or the new B. X. W. & Z. line will get part of our traffic."

"But it costs us more than that to carry them."

"Oh, I have that all fixed; we will make it all up every trip."

"In what way?"

"My idea is to run nothing but palace cars."

"Well?"

"And then, before reaching the end of the road, you and I, disguised as two of the James gang, will board the train."

"Capital idea! But that would only work for awhile. The passengers would complain and the authorities would get after us."

"Oh! but we won't touch the passengers."

"No?"

"No; we'll just rob the porter."—*Phila. Call.*

**HARD TIMES IN TRADE.**—A ragged and hungry man asked a gentleman for money enough to buy a meal.

"Cannot you secure employment?" asked the gentleman.

"No, sir; the cheap railroad fares have killed my business," replied the man, despondently.

"Ah, how is that?"

"All the bank cashiers go to Canada, when they are short in their accounts now."

"What has that to do with your business?"

"I used to be a masked robber," replied the beggar, "and when a cashier was short in his accounts he'd send for me, and I'd tell him and all his family up and demand the keys to the bank at the point of a pistol, and so help him out in his accounts. But he flings the accounts in the stove now, and goes to Canada. Times are hard on all kinds of trade."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

**A "STAND OFF."**—Defeated candidate, meeting an acquaintance, is indignant because he has been deceived.

"Say, McSpoble, you said you were going to vote for me."

"Yes," McSpoble replied.

"But you didn't?"

"That's a fact."

"Then, sir, you are a liar!"

"Say!" said McSpoble, without sense of offense, "you told me that you would certainly be elected."

"Yes, I—"

"That's all right. And you were not elected."

"You see—"

"Never mind what I see. I see that you were not elected, and therefore you are a liar. This thing's about even. Let's go in here and take something."

Mrs. Smith—Oh dear, I do suffer so with rheumatism. I have it con—

Mrs. Jones—I am troubled in the same way, and know how to sym—

Mrs. Smith—stagnate in my right leg and shoulder.

Mrs. Jones—patheize with you. It was only last night that I lay awake for—

Mrs. Smith—Dere, and I told Mr. Smith that something must be done to re—

Mrs. Jones—Hours and hours with it, and the baby cry—

Mrs. Smith—Lieve me; and I also told him that the doctor said the proper place was Sar—

Mrs. Jones—ing. It was simply dreadful. And I said to Jones that I must go to Sar—

Mrs. Smith—atoga.

Mrs. Jones—atoga.

The laziest man in Newport, Ky., has just had some money left him by his deceased father. He is thinking of buying a farm, and that's why a male acquaintance said to him in great surprise:

"I hear, Bill, you are going to buy a farm. Now what the thunder can as lazy a man as you do on a farm?"

"Naise blackberries."

"Naise blackberries."

"Yes; they grow wild, and all I'll have to do is to hire boys to pick 'em."

HONOR O'Laughlin, the hostess of the Gridiron, an old hostess which Irish lawyers visited, had a ready wit. Happening to enter the bar-room after dinner, Curran proposed her health:

"I give you, gentlemen," he said, "Honor and Honesty."

Possibly the worthy landlady did not feel complimented, for she readily rejoined:

"Your absent friends, Mr. Curran."

Mrs. HUNTER (glancing along the row of clerks behind the shop counter): "I do not think I see the gentlemen here who waited upon me yesterday."

Infant terrible—"Why, mamma, you are talking to the very one. Don't you remember you said you'd know him anywhere by those ears?"

**Chaff.**

"A courtship is the only kind of a ship that has two masts and one captain."

The banana skin, though crushed to earth, has the power to take somebody with it.

A new song is called "Will thou, O Will thou!" It is supposed to be dedicated to a certain pair of couples.

"Dig him out! Dig him out!" said the wife of the man who got buried by a caving wall, "he's got at least \$5 in his pocket."

It's awful tough on a fellow who sleeps on a sofa bedstead in the parlor to have his sister's fellow hang on until two o'clock every morning.

The most efficacious and inexpensive method of the man who got buried by a caving wall, for a few months to a Chinese boarding-house keeper.

"Never play with matches," says a writer. Young men in love will do well to cut this out and paste it somewhere where the light will strike it.

A great relief to the sting of a mosquito is an application of chalk, says a medical authority. At last a use has been found for New York milk.

Said a lady to the famous actor Garrick: "I wish you were taller." "Madam," replied the wit, "how happy I should be to stand higher in your estimation!"

"That is a sweeping argument," remarked the husband whose wife used a broom to convince him that he ought to have been home several hours previous.

A truck seven feet long and four teeth weighing three pounds each have been dug up in New Jersey. They are supposed to be the remains of a Jersey mosquito.

"Them's my sentiments," as the Mississippi River remarked to the astounded farmer, who awoke one morning to find a brain new island deposited in front of his very door.

We have been sent a book entitled "Summer Poems." After a careful scrutiny we have decided that summer poems and summer not. The latter "by another name would be as"—

"I never saw a man yet that could fill my dear, dead husband's shoes!" exclaimed a widow lady at the foot of Murray Hill. "Dear me!" replied her neighbor; "what size did he wear?"

Farmer (concealing a whip)—"Come here, Charlie! I want to tell you something." Charlie—"Tell it to somebody else; my pa says there are some things little boys oughtn't to know."

"What's this thing?" asked a man who was inspecting a music store. "That's oh, that's used on violins. We call it a chin rest." "Gimme!" replied the visitor. "S'pose it would work on my wife?"

President Lincoln, when told on a certain occasion that Gen. So-and-so and forty mules had been captured, said: "Well, I can make another brigadier in five minutes, but those mules cost \$300 apiece."

"I wish I was a belt," he said. "Why?" he asked. "Then I could always be around you." "I wish you were an anchor," she remarked. "Why?" he asked. "Then you'd go weigh."

"See here," he said to his clerk, "I don't mind letting you off a day now and then to attend to your grandfather's funeral, but I think you ought to have the courtesy to send a few of the fish around to my house."

Ella Wheeler asks: "Is there anything higher than a boy's ambition, that wingeth away to the sun-riven skies?" Yes, Ella; most emphatically yes, and it is the price of an eight by ten room at a fashionable summer resort.

A considerable tramp was encountered a few days ago. He promised to cut some wood in return for a meal, but after eating, he looked at the wood and said: "Lady, I don't believe I could cut that satisfactory to you, and I would not like to make a bad job of it. Good day."

"Oh, I don't let the grass grow under my feet!" said the young lady. "I wish you did," replied her suitor, in a dreary manner; "because, you know, you could raise such a dence of a crop." They never speak now as they pass by on the sidewalks of the city at the head of the lakes.

The comet discovered by the Ann Arbor professor has a tail three minutes long. An insignificant affair. The New York Ledger frequently makes ten minutes long. A tale three minutes long is hardly worth our attention, and no doubt there are persons who will second this view of the comet.

"Go for somebody, quick! There's a bug down my back!" cried a young girl to her lover in the park on Wednesday evening. "Hadden't I better go for the bug?" he suggested. Then she fainted dead away, and when she had awakened the bug had finished its evening stroll and gone home.

Now is the time to take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

**NEW ADVERTISEMENTS**

**Don't!**

Think, just because you have been suffering terribly with Rheumatism or Neuralgia, that you must stay in bed.

Don't think that because ATHLOPHOROS has not been known ever since the foundation of the world, it will not cure Rheumatism and Neuralgia.

Neglect the testimony of the hundreds of sufferers who have tried ATHLOPHOROS and are now sound and hearty.



